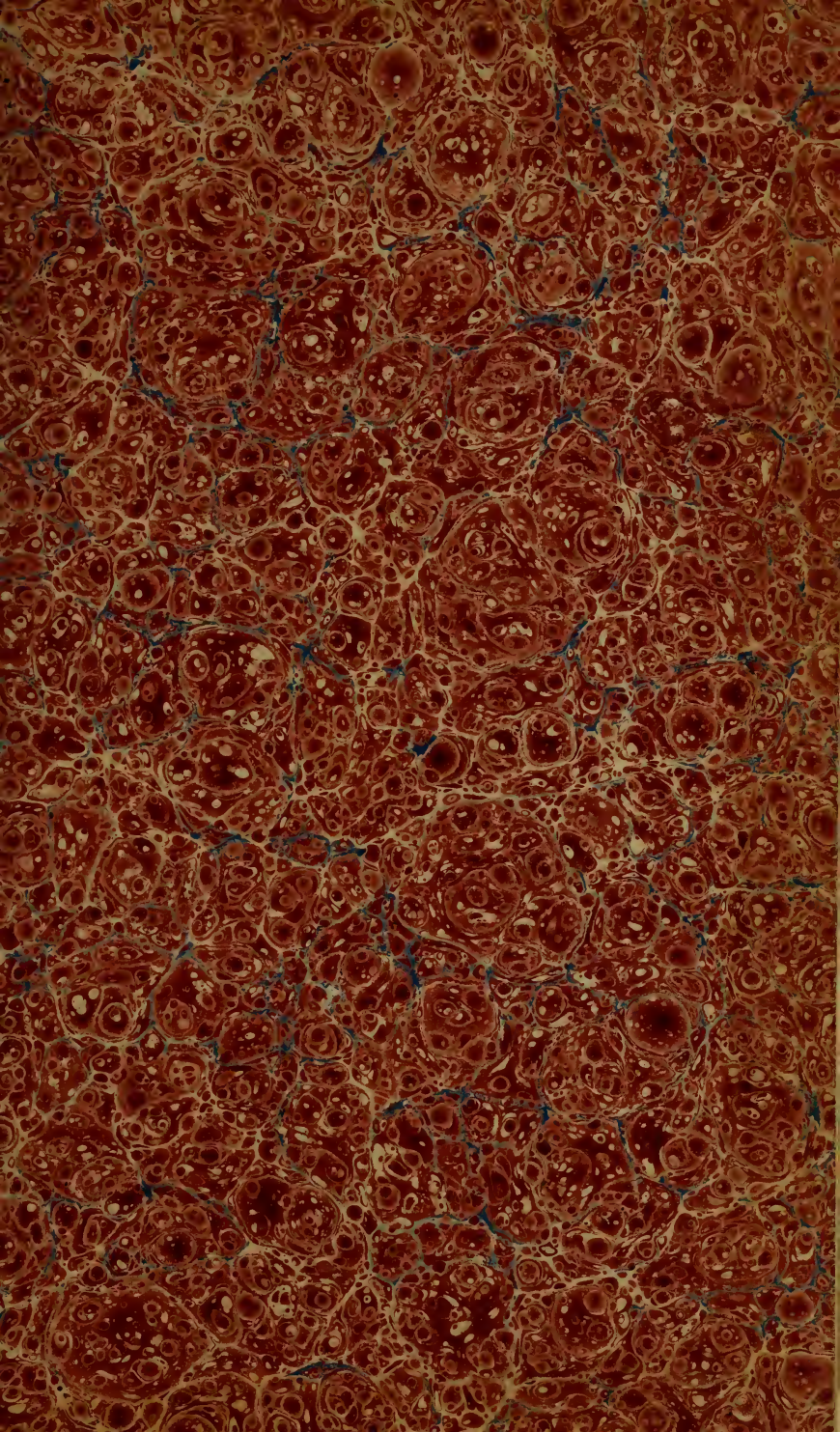






John Stanton Esq.





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RECHTSANWALT - ADVOKAT  
Dr. VICTOR LEFFORD  
VERTEIDIGER IN STRAFSACHEN  
WIEN I. HELFERSTÖRFERSTR. 6



RECHTSANWALT - ADVOKAT  
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WIEN I. HELFERSTORFERSTR. 6

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY

# PRIZE POEMS:

WITH

Spanish and German Ballads, &c.

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BY G. DOWNES, A.M.

AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM MECKLENBURG AND  
HOLSTEIN," ETC.

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DUBLIN:

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## PREFACE.

THE leading Poems in the following collection were awarded Prizes on the foundation of the Right Hon. LORD DOWNES, the present Vice-Chancellor of Trinity College, Dublin. Since the period of their competition (at several half-yearly Commencements in 1817, 1818, and 1819,) they have undergone a few slight alterations.

The Spanish Ballads I have rendered with greater or less fidelity, according to their susceptibility of embellishment. In this procedure, I have alternately emulated two distinguished Spanish translators of the present day; whereof the one has been highly complimented by the periodical press, for having improved

## PREFACE.

“many of the Ballads, which are somewhat bald in the original;” while the other (the majority of whose productions are beautiful in their simplicity,) appears to have forgotten—that the minstrelsy of that language, whose very sound is song, becomes in many instances, when divested of that sound, little better than prose in masquerade. For the grotesque, if not ludicrous, title of the last I am indebted to Mr. Depping, the German editor:—“*Die liebende Bleicherin am Meeresstrande.*”

These, together with the German translations, are offered merely as a specimen of an embryo *Anthology*, the completion of which will depend upon the success of the present attempt. Some of the Miscellaneous Poems have already appeared in my “Letters from Mecklenburg and Holstein.”

*Dunnville, near Dublin; 5th June 1824.*

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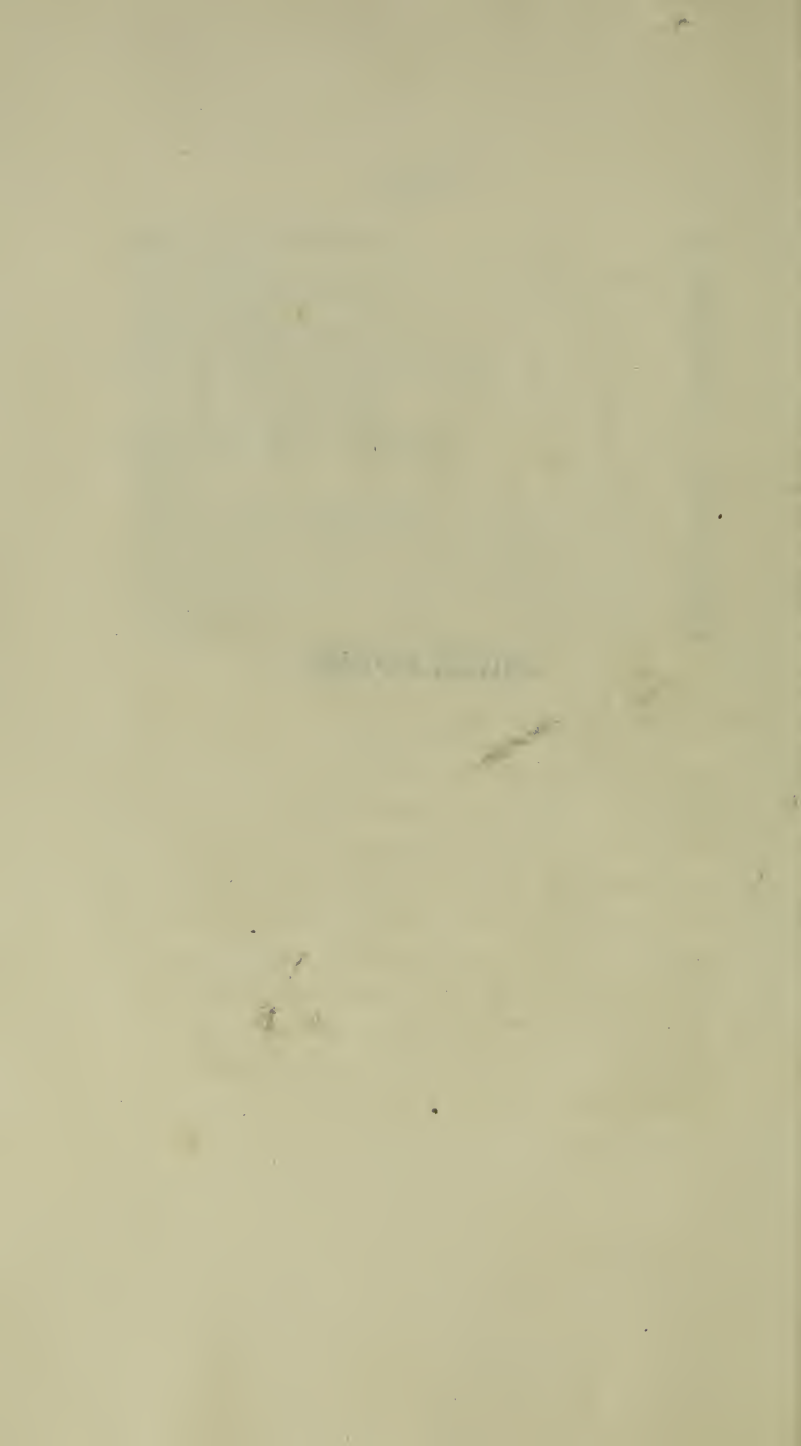
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## PRIZE POEMS.





THE DEATH  
OF  
DON CARLOS.

---

SHE saw them not—tho' all around were hung  
The sable emblems of a nation's woe;  
She saw them not—that nation's sorrowing chiefs:  
Th' escutcheoned pall, the coffin, and the bier,  
Alike unheeded, met the mourner's eye,  
For the full gaze of her bewildered soul  
Was fixed on that cold form which slept within!  
She heard them not—those sacred words of prayer,  
Which gave the corse to earth, the soul to heaven;  
Nor yet the frequent and convulsive sob  
That echoed thro' the vault, where dwelt before  
Silence, the eloquence of Death. Alone  
One voiceless inward voice she heard, which told  
Of human hopes and all their vanity!

\* \* \* \* \*

Sweet are thy shades, Aranjuez ! loveliest thou  
Of Flora's blossomy realms ! the breeze most sweet  
That passes o'er thy bowers of blessedness !  
The Peri—wafted far on unseen wing  
From some fair islet of the Eastern wave,  
A place of fruits and flowers, by human foot  
Untrod, by human hand unrifled—drinks  
The racy fragrance from each pouting lip  
Of thy rich bell-shrubs ; keener perfumes these  
Than e'er from fairest islet of the East,  
Or Banda, or Amboyna, or the shore  
Of old Serendib, breathed along the sea,  
Wooing the mariner from his homeward course :  
Oft, when the busy hand of Evening shuts  
The rainbow petals, she enjoys within  
A soft imprisonment 'till opening Morn.  
Sweet are thy shades ; and sweet, and bright, and cool,  
Thy labyrinth of waters, led along  
Thro' many a secret conduit by the hand  
Of cunning artist, 'till each silvery jet  
Showers renovation on the turf beneath.

And fair were those two youthful forms that late  
Thro' blest Aranjuez wandered : emblems true,  
In beauty and in fate, of those young forms  
Lived in the trellised foliage that enwove

The bower where last they met; — a linden *he*,  
Graceful, and green, and fresh, and vigorous,  
Transmitted thro' whose leaf the sunlight melts  
To emerald lustre, — but whose leaf, alas!  
Earliest of all its brothers of the grove,  
Is wasted by the worm! The cistus gave  
The fairness of *her* cheek; the cistus gave  
The semblance of that cheek's decay — its flower,  
Perishing as fair, oft scattered in the sigh  
Breathed by the wood-nymph as she flits along.  
In early youth they loved, and Fortune seemed  
Propitious to their love, and Hymen bade  
The nuptial torch be lighted, and the wreath  
Of flowerets be enwoven to adorn  
Elizabeth's young brow, and Carlos wore  
His happiest smile, — his happiest, and the last  
That lit his features — for the despot came!  
Dim grew the torch — faded the nuptial wreath,  
When Philip seized his son's betrothed, and bore  
The shrinking victim to his altar-throne!

'Twere long to tell how either sufferer pined,  
Bereaved as of identity itself:  
How ghastly was their look; how wrinkles passed  
Upon each forehead; how Consumption came,  
And settled on their vitals; how each heart

Became so chill, so impotent of joy,  
 That, had the hand of Providence bestowed  
 Some bliss beyond their hope, they should have prayed  
 New hearts to treasure it. At length the cry,  
 The cry of blood from Flanders, woke one throb  
 Within the breast of Carlos,—and he vowed  
 To wrest the land, beloved by her *he* loved,  
 From Philip's dæmon grasp. With this intent  
 He met his *mother* in Aranjuez,  
 There to consult how best the high design  
 Of rescuing millions might be perfected.  
 Much they conferred together; many a plan  
 Adopted and renounced: and if, at times,  
 Some glance, or sigh, would picture happier hours,—  
 And lips, responsive to the bursting heart,  
 Unguardedly would mould the mutual name  
 “Elizabeth,” or “Carlos”—still they checked  
 The half-articulate thought, low murmuring:—  
 “Ill-fated ... Flanders!” — “Hapless, lost ... Brabant!”

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Should you mayhap—when summer vales are green,  
 And summer eves are dewy—on the banks  
 Of Manzanares wander, you may hear  
 The merry rebeck and the soft guitar,



Swelling the strain that guides the twinkling foot  
Of many a village youth and village maid  
Thro' each light movement of the saraband,  
Or gay fandango: there too you may hear —  
When twinkling feet are still, and merry strains  
Are hushed to silence — plaintive notes arise,  
While some young minstrel of the rural choir  
An ancient ditty sings; — how once a king,  
Who ruled those very vallies, woo'd the maid  
That should have been his daughter; how the prince  
Was seen approaching to that grove by night  
Where she was used to wander; how the words  
They spoke in secret, overheard by one  
That lurked among the bushes, were conveyed  
All falsely to the monarch; how the youth  
Was seized and bound; how variously he sought  
To end his life and sorrow, 'till at length  
They gave him to the holy Inquisition;  
How pious hands were found, to mix a draught  
That ended life and sorrow; how the queen  
Beheld them lay his body in the tomb,  
And never spoke again!

## THE NORTH POLE

Ere you go, I spent years the ocean wild  
 Adventure-making, self-dedicated to roam  
 Seas where Labrador, far the beyond  
 The limit of man's voyage, looks a cove  
 An empire of waters—surrounding the deep  
 With his unnumbered castles; while, around  
 The frozen mountains, eddies their fury  
 With windings uncounted—the phantoms of war  
 Beside their thrones, and the wind (that howls)  
 From every chink of the ice-forest  
 Of the ice-forest, where I have been to their throne  
 The Sun, the constant, with constant eye  
 Eyes the darkness, and the darkness  
 His light of a constant burning, from above  
 To his own light, from the ocean above

THE EXPEDITION  
TO  
THE NORTH POLE.

---

SPEED ye, O speed ye o'er the ocean wild,  
Adventurous mariners! self-doomed to roam  
Seas where Leviathan, far, far beyond  
The limit of man's empire, lords it o'er  
An anarchy of waters—cumbering the deep  
With his unwieldy vastness; while, around,  
The lesser monsters celebrate their king  
With gambolings uncouth—the plash of waves  
Beneath their flouncing, and the wind (that howls  
From steep glacier, or down the crevices  
Of the ice-berg moans,) rude music to their dance.  
The Sun, rare visitant, with sidelong eye  
Views the unkindly land, where blunted fall  
His shafts of keenest temper, then retires  
To his own balmy realms: the silent Moon

Robes no green valley, no soft-swelling hill,  
In faëry light; nor hears the warbled praise  
Of her own nightingale. Speed, speed ye on!

Few are the shores that greet you on your way.  
Remotest land—if land it may be called,  
Where snows, and snows, and snows uninterupt,  
Shroud the dead soil—dull Spitzbergen usurps  
A portion from the waters: towering high  
Its pyramids of ice, at distance viewed  
By the lone Scandinavian, as he plies  
His twilight bark, seem to his startled gaze  
The tents unearthly of that giant race  
The Jotuns; who, as ancient Sagas tell,  
By Odin and his Caspian followers  
Driven from their homes, fled northward towards the sea,  
And 'mid the isles of ice that gird the pole  
A perilous shelter found. Remotest land,  
If land it may be called where never yet  
Dwelt man,—an outcast land which no man owns,—  
A land unhonored by the proud, bright name,  
My Native Country! He, the Russ alone,  
Fit denizen of stormy climes, repairs  
To chase the white bear from his solitudes—  
Himself, perhaps, to fall beneath the shaft  
From Death's unerring string; the whiten'd bones;

By seamen found upon the charnel shore,  
Are their own epitaph. O rest not here,  
Adventurous mariners! onward, onward still!

There is a region where the Cloud-King holds  
His elemental sway 'mid night and storms,  
Unchecked by aught which in soft southern climes  
Limits his empire. There no fervid beam  
Dispels the mist; no sportive summer breeze  
Chases the vapour from the mountain's brow:  
Within those vallies drear was never heard  
The pipe of pastoral swain; the bleating flock  
Within those vallies—never! but the howl  
Of famished bears re-echoes fearfully.  
No Naiad, hiding in the sedgy stream  
Carols her lay by mortal ear misdeemed  
The music of the waters—but hoarse floods  
From peaks of ice precipitously dash.  
Yet, Greenland, tho' thy desolate extent,  
Beyond the smile of Nature flung afar,  
Sullen and cheerless lies, I love thee still,  
Land of my Christian brethren! for the word  
Of life hath visited thy frozen shores,  
And made thy desolate places sing for joy!  
Blest be their labors, who have won for thee  
The blessed privilege to know thy God!



Righteous crusaders they (no red-cross knights  
Like those of old, whose baptism was of blood,  
The sword *their* eloquence), with accents mild  
Conquering the rugged heart. For this they left  
The bosom of domestic life, and all  
The joys and comforts of a milder clime :  
Content to dwell 'mid forms and sights uncouth,  
Courting privation, misery *his* bliss,  
The patient missionary toils and toils,  
And reaps his harvest in another world !

Such, mariners, be *your* boast ! O, be your steps  
Unmarked by rapine ! Let the olive-branch  
Herald your coming, whether you approach  
To some new continent beneath the Pole,  
Or, thro' the windings of the Northern sea,  
Reach the Pacific and its myriad isles :  
Unlike th' adventurers whose greedy swarms  
Devoured Peruvia ; worshippers of gold,  
Offering whole nations of the western world  
A holocaust to Mammon ! Ruthless hordes,  
Whose gluttoned avarice entailed a curse  
Upon their native land—the curse of sloth—  
Than which no minister of wrath divine  
More sternly measures vengeance. Let *your* paths  
Be paths of peace ; *your* presence pleasantness

To the rude native of the Arctic wilds:  
And safely, safely steer your venturous way  
Thro' those Symplegades of ice, whose crash  
Would shrink the earthquake's to a murmur! On! —  
Undauntedly pursue your pathless course,  
And rich in *scientific* spoils return.



CIMON  
SOLICITING THE  
BODY OF MILTIADES  
FOR INTERMENT.

The city-portals opened; proudly forth  
Flowed all the pageantry of Persia's war —  
Legion on legion, lengthening rank on rank,  
Satrap and slave all gorgeously arrayed,  
The frequent charger prancing wantonly:  
Their arms had glittered in the morning sun,  
All day had Susa poured its myriads out  
Continuous, one interminable line,  
Nor yet when twilight deepened on their shields  
The mighty pomp had passed, but thro' the gate  
Still onward, onward fared the chivalry;  
While all the air with deafening sounds was stunned,  
Barbaric music thundering of war —  
One wild, anticipating dirge, that told  
Of many a warrior's doom, when Asia's hosts

Should cloud and darken o'er devoted Greece!

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

The city-portals opened; back returned  
A scanty, straggling, melancholy band!  
Where are those myriads? ... Ask the reeking streams,  
Reddened and clogged with slaughter! ask the hills  
And dales of Greece, with one wide death-feast spread!  
Where are those myriads? ... Ask the dews of Heaven,  
Tinged with pollution as they reach *that* plain —  
The plain of carnage! ask the vulture's nest!  
Poor, shadowy remnant of that mighty host  
Which fell on Marathon! the haggard cheek,  
The blank and downcast eye, the toil-worn frame,  
The lance reverted trailing in the dust,  
Bespeak your foul discomfiture! Defeat  
Your very step declares — that martial stride  
Shrunk to the reptile crawling of the slave!  
Go, seek your despot on his tottering throne;  
Go, bid him pour his bannered thousands forth  
On lands that bow to tyranny, on men  
That crouch whene'er the purple satrap frowns;  
Go, bid him chain the Northern wind, and lash  
The ocean-wave — but let him shun *that* land  
Where Liberty resides: her gallant sons,

Fired by the prowess of one mighty arm,  
Have scattered all his martial mockery !

And where is *he* that conquered? Seek him not  
Among the honored chieftains of the land !  
There is a dark abode where felons dwell,  
A sepulchre for some that breathe, and live,  
And live, and breathe, and feel, — but whose foul crimes  
Have lost them all the sympathies of life :  
The fell brigand ; the wretch whose murderous arm  
Had crushed th' unwary traveller, is there ;  
The traitor — he, whose sordid thirst of gold  
Had pledged his country's liberties away ;  
The violator of the sacred shrine ;  
Foulest of fiends the parricide is there ;  
And there too is — Miltiades ! O no —  
The *body* of Miltiades is there.  
The voice of faction had impeached his fame,  
Denounced him as a traitor, termed a crime  
That throne, which hospitality had won  
And valour forfeited : his foes prevailed ;  
And, tho' his life was spared, the noble Greek,  
Condemned the ransom of that life to pay,  
Deep in a noisome prison's narrow cell  
Pined ! for *his* riches were not of the mine,  
No hoarded gold within his coffers lay,

Himself his chiefest treasure: but not long  
 He lingered; for the honorable wound  
 He'd won at Paros, when th' Athenian fleet  
 Swept the Ægean, had reduced him low,  
 Even to life's verge; and the thick dungeon damp  
 Choked his free spirit, and that mighty soul,  
 Disdainful, left the captive body there,  
 In death itself a debtor—for the laws  
 Prevailed beyond the limit of the grave!  
 Yet was there one who soothed his lonely hours,  
 And cheated them of half their bitterness;  
 And cheered his warlike spirit, calling back  
 The fight of Marathon, and all the bays  
 He won in conquering for ungrateful Greece;  
 And told how, silvering down the vale of years,  
 The current of his fame should flow, and flow,  
 On to the ocean of eternity!

The filial hand had closed the glazing eye,  
 That once shot lightnings on the Persian foe;  
 Nor brooked the filial heart that, stretched along  
 On the cold dungeon earth, a father's corse  
 Should rot—as erst that multitudinous foe  
 Rotted on Marathon! With hurried step  
 The haggard form of Cimon sought the hall  
 To Themis dedicate, and thus declared



The pious purpose of his mighty soul:—  
 “ Give him, O give him to the silent tomb!  
 O, by their shades, who on yon sanguine plain  
 Fell gloriously for Greece, whom now below  
 Miltiades has joined, (a mightier shade!)  
 Spare, spare *his* body, and let mine remain  
 To atone a father’s obsequies! Spare, spare!—  
 For this was he, who once by Ister’s wave,  
 Alone of all th’ assembled Grecian chiefs,  
 Counsell’d to leave that proud, inhuman foe,  
 A prey to Scythia’s less inhuman tribes:  
 For this was he—the patriot—whose voice  
 Confirmed the wavering Polemarch, and gave  
 Ruin to Persia, victory to Greece!  
 Before whose virtue rivalry itself  
 Fell prostrate, and proclaimed him as it fell  
 Sole arbiter of Marathon’s proud field!  
 Need I relate, what on that glorious day  
 You all have witnessed, how that swarming host—  
 Innumerable as the locust-tribes,  
 That cast a day-night o’er the sandy plains  
 Of Africa, say rather as those sands  
 Innumerable—how that swarming host  
 Withered before his blighting arm, and left  
 Their bodies to the dogs and birds of Greece?  
 For this we ask no honors: praise enough

That we have saved our country. Only grant  
 A narrow resting-place to him that saved.  
 Posterity will clear his fame, and bless  
 The Grecian *traitor* who *delivered* Greece!"

The prayer was granted :—the Athenian chief,  
 Laid with his fathers, slept the sleep of peace.

## ALGIERS CHASTISED.

---

It was the feast of Hegira: thro' the wide  
And populous realms of Barbary no sound  
Of human voice, or human foot, was heard.  
At ev'ntide, Silence on the minaret  
Held the Muezzin's place: no tongue proclaimed  
The hour when dead Mohammed's votaries  
Should raise th' insensate orison, that blends  
The creature's with the great Creator's name!  
Th' abortive prayer that no accordance meets  
At Heaven's high throne: now e'en the tasker's lash  
Was idle, lest the victim's cries should mar  
The sanctity of that great festival.  
Less mute that palace-hall where sits enthroned  
The transmigrating sovereign of Thibet,  
And, Jove-like, rules the nations with his nod:  
No murmur, foot-fall—silence! silence! silence!

But far and wide thro' Barbary's swarth plains  
A sound went forth audible in Heaven alone : —  
The inward voice of anguish ; the racked soul's  
Intense complainings ; the convulsive sob,  
That heaves the heart but dares no utterance !  
For there, in misery and servile bonds,  
The free-born pined — torn from their peaceful homes,  
And all the softer charities of life :  
Men born in different climes, and once mayhap  
Hostile from differing interests, but now  
United in companionship of woe !  
The Spaniard, who, in Andalusia's bowers,  
Or Murcia's orange-groves, attuned his ear  
To the silken-toned theorbo, light guitar,  
Or castanet — monotonous, but timed  
To the soft tripping of his dark-eyed maid ;  
The simple shepherd of Minorca's fields,  
Where flourish still the pastoral usages  
Of early Greece ; the blithe Sardinian swain ;  
The merry vintager of gay Provence ;  
Greek ; Neapolitan ; all doomed to bear  
The Moslem tyranny, as Christians mocked,  
And branded with ennobling infamy !

And these were slaves in that benighted land  
Dark Barbary ! Thou, chiefly thou, Algiers ! —

*Thy* cup of guilt long time was brimming over :  
Already was the arm of Heaven upraised  
For long-expected vengeance ; which t' avert,  
More solemnly than wont thy sons performed  
Each rite of their sham worship, and adored,  
Mutely adored, the fugitive Prophet's name.

Is it a sail that on th' horizon's verge  
Gleams dimly, while the watchman strains his eye  
In dread expectance ? or some passing cloud  
By the young morn's emerging light arrayed  
In drapery not its own ? — Another sail ! —  
Another, and another ! — or does fear,  
In mockery of the starting orb, present  
Some airy pageant to th' affrighted view ?  
No airy pageant this — for lo ! the Sun,  
Outpoured, one universal gush of light,  
Heralds approaching warfare, and reveals  
The proud flotilla of th' avenging North !

Now thro' the late deserted streets were poured  
The thronging Moslem warriors — now the voice  
Of preparation multitudinous  
Broke the sepulchral silence, while in haste  
The turban'd thousands lined the battlements ;  
And gallies numberless along the shore

Confronted Britain's armament, and paired  
Their weakness with that overwhelming force.  
But, ere the festival of death began,  
The messenger of England's peace was sent,  
Sent and rejected—for the haughty Dey  
Hardened his heart nor let the people go.  
A momentary pause,—and then, at once,  
From thrice a hundred yawning mouths of fire,  
Th' avenger Azrael spake along the deep;  
Nor spake unanswered—for the island-town  
From all its batteries poured incessant war.  
Dire was the conflict; loud the iron roar  
Of cannon lavishing death! and oft was heard  
The signal-trumpet, and the boatswain's pipe;  
Shrill minister of destruction! clouds of smoke  
Wreathing aloft discoloured all the air.  
But from the English line went slowly forth  
A moving magazine, and from its womb  
Came ruin! Soon the nearest xebec burned:—  
Quick as th' electric flash from bark to bark  
The flaming pestilence darted, while on shore  
Was heard a frantic, agonizing cry,  
Doubtful or groan or shriek—as quick to Heaven  
The holocaust aspired! Where then wast thou,  
Mohammed, when the thunderbolt of war  
Shivered the gallies of thy votaries?



And now the spreading flames appeared to fire  
Ocean itself reflecting back their glow :  
Seemed as, volcano on volcano hurled,  
Vesuvius blazed above, and Hecla rolled  
Its boiling gulfs beneath !

Now had the fight  
Unintermitting raged from early dawn  
Till day's departure: but with evening came  
The favoring breezes, which to landward blew  
The bold crusaders; then th' avenging sword  
Of Exmouth and his gallant mariners,  
The sword of England revelled in Algiers !  
What need to tell the issue of the toil ?  
Anon from shore the din and dissonance  
Of atabal and cymbal fainter grew !  
What need to tell the issue—how prevailed  
Free against slave, Britain against Algiers,  
The cross against the crescent? Yet the voice  
Of Mercy tempered Wrath;—Britannia's arm  
Chastises, not annihilates the foe !

The carnage-night is o'er, and sweetly dawns  
The hallowed morn of liberty!—Come forth,  
Ye that were bondsmen! leave your stony beds—  
Not, as before, to toil, to groan, to writhe



Beneath the tasker's lash:—come forth, and breathe  
The air of freedom even in Barbary!  
For see—your haughty Moslem foe, compelled,  
(Unwonted genuflexion!) lowly bends  
His suppliant knee in homage to the Frank!  
Then speed ye, speed ye to your native climes,  
Adore your God, and bless Britannia's name.

## SPANISH BALLADS.

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THE RUINS  
OF THE CASTLE OF SAINT CERVANTES.

“Castillo de San Cervantes!” &c.

---

YE hoary towers, sacred  
To Cervantes' holy name,  
The rivals once, in strength and power,  
Of high Toledo's fame;  
The royal Don Alonzo,  
In the season of your pride,  
Oft sought your frowning battlements  
By Tajo's yellow tide.

No gay and streamer'd minarets  
 Your airy summit crowned,  
 But firm to bear the brunt of war  
 Your sides were ever found;  
 And yet your rifted walls betray  
 Time's discipline, as keen  
 As ever penitent endured,  
 To quell the thought of sin.

In vain the engine high was reared  
 To threaten and assail,  
 Unscathed those walls repelled its shock,  
 As darts—the iron mail;  
 And proudly each young gallant knight  
 Adown your court-yard rode,  
 Two Moorish slingers by his side,  
 When the foeman was abroad.

A time there was, as records tell,  
 When, throned in solemn state,  
 The judge austere held awful sway  
 Within yon flapping gate;  
 And many a cause was lost and won  
 In yonder grass-grown hall,  
 Where thronged the sons of Spain,—as 'twere  
 Some mighty festival.

Now, shapeless as the rugged rocks  
 Upon your naked hill,  
 Your very wreck the lichen  
 And moss are cank'ring still;  
 As rust corrodes the pruning-hook  
 In cold December's day,  
 When the merry vintage-time is past,  
 And its sounds have died away.

Albeit in guise uncouth are couched  
 The verses I have writ,  
 Nor polished courtly phrase is there,  
 Nor high-flown epithet, —  
 Still, tho' unflattered by my lay,  
 Propitious hear my prayer,  
 And let your humble suppliant's wish  
 Command your pious care.

Full many a maid, — whose blooming charms  
 Are like a summer sky,  
 Fair as the silver cloud her skin,  
 And blue her beaming eye,  
 Her heart as hard as winter's ice,  
 And cold as winter's sun, —  
 Ne'er melts to see the pangs of those  
 Her beauty has undone.

And—like the almond-branch, which, plucked  
In Autumn's ripening hour,  
With fragrant fruitage crowns the board  
In courtly hall and bower,  
But, when ungathered, squanders all  
Its treasures on the air—  
She leaves each hapless, hopeless youth,  
A guerdon of despair.

Should such e'er stray beside your hill,  
Exulting in her pride,  
And seek a mirror for her charms,  
In Tajo's sparkling tide,  
Oh! let your ruins drear and dark,  
Reflected in its flood,  
Convey a lesson to her heart,  
And change its thoughtless mood.

Yon silent halls, where once on high  
The minstrel had his place,  
Should utter such unspoken words  
As each high thought repress,  
With mute but potent eloquence,  
To curb her wayward cheer,  
And look those truths, to treasure which  
The eye becomes an ear.



Let her behold in you the fall  
 Of earthly pomp and state,  
 Your bowers all choked with weeds and briars—  
 Your chambers desolate;  
 And teach her that the hand of Time,  
 Which scathes the lordly tower,  
 Will dull the tint, and mar the bloom  
 Of Beauty's fairest flower,

That even the little vagrant lock  
 That trembles o'er her brow,  
 Where the young Zephyr's amorous breath  
 Is sporting, dallying now,  
 Shall feel the lep'rous touch of Age,  
 In whose uncheering day,  
 Proud woman mourns the joys she flung  
 Disdainfully away.

Lest, slumbering on the downy couch  
 Delirium strews with flowers,  
 In morbid dreams of unreal bliss,  
 She waste Youth's sunny hours,  
 Till Undeception come with years  
 To break her fev'rish sleep,  
 And stern Repentance teach that light  
 And laughing eye to weep.

When dim and deadly is the eye,  
 And its liquid lustre gone ;  
 And the days of youth, and the days of bliss,  
 And the days of love are flown ;  
 And the dull heart pines for the shade of joys  
 It flouted in their prime,  
 And sighs in vain, to live o'er again  
 The hours of departed Time.

LAMENT OF QUEEN BLANCHE

How Blanche felt in prison, &c.

Queen Blanche in prison

In hard captivity

A-telling of the story

The lady into

Her lamented

A lament in prison

Content for the young

In prison-house to live

THE

LAMENT OF QUEEN BLANCHE.

“Doña Blanca està en Sidonia,” &c.

---

QUEEN Blanche is in Sidonia  
In hard captivity,  
A-telling of her bitter woes  
The bitter history;  
Her faithfullest duenna  
Is listening at her side,  
Content for her sweet mistress' sake  
In prison-house to bide.

“ A daughter of the Bourbon,  
By marriage I became  
Allied to Dauphin Charles,  
And owned a sister's name;  
And the king, that bears the flower-de-luce  
Upon an argent field,  
He bears my arms all royally  
Emblazon'd on his shield.

“ In the lovely land of France I bloomed  
A high and courtly dame,  
But I left that lovely land,  
And to proud Castile I came:  
I never left the land of France,  
O rather let me say, —  
For my soul it lingereth there,  
Tho' my body is away!

“ If it be true, as some have said,  
That sorrow and disgrace,  
Endured by those who died of old,  
Devolve upon their race, —  
If this be true, O then behold  
This truth proclaimed in me,  
In me the Bourbon's daughter —  
The child of misery!

“ In fair Valladolid I first  
 Received the marriage-chain,  
 Espoused to him that lords it o’er  
 The fertile realms of Spain;  
 The bearing of his manly brow  
 Is beautiful to see,  
 But the fell Hyrcanian tyger  
 Is more merciful than he !

“ King Peter woo’d me with his tongue,  
 But gave me not his heart,  
 And he that claimed fidelity  
 Preferred the traitor’s part :  
 And sure, whene’er the deeds of kings  
 Discredit what they say,  
 No recreant lives on all the earth,  
 So recreant as they !

“ He led me forward with his hand,  
 The diadem to share ;  
 But all unwilling was his soul —  
 O I never entered there !  
 For long before that luckless hour  
 In fair Valladolid,  
 That high and haughty soul had been,  
 A happier lady’s meed.

“ Donna Maria was she hight,  
And born of high degree,  
Of old Padilla's noble line,  
And a stately dame was she:  
And he, whose lips had promise given  
My faithful spouse to prove,  
Forsook his own liege-wedded wife  
For a false leman's love!

“ By counsel of the nobles,  
The high grandees of Spain,  
Short time the king consented  
In my bower to remain;  
Eight days he rested with me,  
No longer would he stay,  
But it seems a hundred thousand days  
That he has been away!

“ Woe worth, woe worth the fatal day  
I first became a bride—  
The day of ruthless Mars,  
At the early morning tide!  
'Twas Tuesday—and I left my couch  
The king of Spain to wed;  
'Twas Wednesday—and I had nor home,  
Nor hope, nor bridal-bed!

“ Loosed from my waist, I gave the king  
 A bright and beauteous zone,  
 Where diamonds of the purest light  
 With radiant lustre shone:  
 Ah, fool! to think in diamond chain  
 That shifting soul to bind,  
 Surrendered all to lawless love,  
 And changeful as the wind!

“ For she—the false and fair one,  
 And fortunate as fair,  
 Whose life is all one granted wish,  
 Who never knew despair—  
 She found my treasure where it lay,  
 And, fraught with purpose base,  
 To a foul wizard gave it  
 Of the miscreant Hebrew race.

“ He looked upon it with his eye—  
 It wore a viper’s hue!  
 He breathed upon it—vipers rose  
 All loathly to the view!  
 The love-pledge of the loving heart  
 Became the false heart’s prey,  
 And Blanche’s hope, and Blanche’s name  
 Are vanishing away!”



THE

FALL OF RODERICK AND SPAIN.

“Bolved los ojos, Rodrigo!” &c.

O TURN your eyes, King Roderick —  
O turn your eyes, and see  
Where low your prostrate country lies,  
The flower of Christentie!  
For the love of a maid, who had better stayed  
In her father's towers for aye,  
Has withered your name, and your deeds of fame  
Have passed like a shade away!

'The sons of Spain are up in arms  
Against the sons of Spain,  
And the hostile blood of brotherhood  
Runs mingling on the plain;  
For the land of the vine, and the land of song,  
And the land of high emprise,  
Is scathed by the lurid lightning glare  
Of haughty Caba's eyes.

O what availed the gests of yore —  
The days of the olden time?  
Ages of gallant deeds were stained  
By one foul moment's crime!  
Your kingdom gone — your crown a scorn —  
A mockery your name —  
Soul lost, and body lost, and lost  
The record of your fame!

The good is gone — the bad remains —  
It ne'er shall pass away:  
You die; but many live to blight  
And blast your memory!  
For the land of the vine, and the land of song,  
And the land of high emprise,  
Is scathed by the lurid lightning glare  
Of haughty Caba's eyes.

## RODERICK'S LAMENT IN SOLITUDE.

“ Por el jardin de las damas,” &c.

---

It was thro' the ladies' garden  
King Roderick took his way,  
To loose the maddening chain that bound  
His wildered fantasy.

Each fountain wrought by curious hand  
He passed unheeding by;  
Nor marked the lordly rose expand  
Its bright flowers waving high,  
Nor the lily, with its tiny wand,  
Bending droopingly!

With hurried and uncertain step  
He has left that garden fair,  
To rest him on the withered trunk  
Of a gall-oak old and bare.

And round that gall-oak old and bare  
Were weeds of sickly hue,  
Ungrateful to the sun, the air,  
The vivifying dew;  
And he—the king that rested there—  
Was wan and withered too!

With eyes abased and lustreless,  
That told of passion spent,  
He spoke:—“ Within myself I feel  
Each warring element!  
“ Fire burns in my bosom,  
The air is in my sighs,  
And water-floods are gushing  
From forth these guilty eyes!

“ And I—a mass of senseless earth—  
Am left alone to die!  
But death, redressing death, will give  
The vanquished—victory!

“O Caba! ’mid these leafy boughs  
I thought to find repose!  
But ah! they only heighten more  
The memory of my woes!

“For, in these branches all so bright,  
That face — those eyes — I see;  
Which now, even now, oblivion bring  
Of pain and misery!

“But soon this rigid trunk, whereon  
I rest my anguished form,  
Recalls the rigour of that heart  
Which Love could never warm!

“But why perversely seek to make  
My wayward fancy free?  
Why hope in sylvan bowers to find  
Insensate apathy?

“No — such befits the baser born,  
Whom no soft cares annoy:  
Thou, Caba, thou art still to me  
A paradise of joy!”

THE

LOVER ON THE BANKS OF THE EBRO.

“ Ebro caudaloso,” &c.

---

Ebro, mighty tide ;  
Fertile banks, and meadows fair ;  
And thou — fresh, vernal grove ;  
Ask her, the wayward maid I love,  
Who joys amid your sylvan scenes to bide,  
Disporting, free from care —  
Ask her if, in her frolic glee,  
That laughing maid remembers me !

Precious pearly dew,  
With liquid light the awakened flowers adorning,  
When, fair to view,  
They ope their eye-lids to the eye of morning;  
Sedges, fresh and green;  
Ye finny tribe, ye rocks, and reeds between;  
Ask her if, in her frolic glee,  
That laughing maid remembers me !

Leafy poplars tall;  
Sands of dazzling white;  
Where my capricious fair one loves to stray,  
Holding her gladsome way,  
Ask her—the nymph with footstep light,  
The nymph that holds my heart her thrall—  
Ask her if, in her frolic glee,  
That laughing maid remembers me !

Birds with tuneful tongue,  
That chaunt triumphantly at morning hour  
Sweet welcome to Aurora fair and young,  
Ask her—on Ebro's bank the sweetest flower—  
Ask her if, in her frolic glee,  
That laughing maid remembers me !



THE  
ENAMOURED LAUNDRESS ON THE  
SEA-SHORE.

“Yo me levantara, madre,” &c.

---

I rose full early, mother,  
On the morning of Saint John;  
I saw a damsel biding  
Near the salt sea alone.

Alone she laves, alone she wrings,  
Alone she spreads on a gay rose-tree;  
And while the gear is drying there,  
This ditty oft repeateth she:—

“ My faithless love, my faithless love,  
Where shall I go to seek my love?”  
And, rose the sea or sunk the sea,  
This ditty still repeated she.

To comb her flowing hair,  
A comb of gold was in her hand :—  
“ Tell me, tell me, mariner,  
(And heaven shield thee from above!)  
If you have seen my faithless love,  
Have seen him roam this yellow sand!”

GERMAN BALLADS, &c.



## THE MINSTREL.

---

GOETHE.

---

“ WHAT sounds are those I hear without  
Before the castle-gate?  
From the draw-bridge now they seem to sweep  
Adown these halls of state.”  
The King commands—the duteous page  
Obeys his master’s nod;  
And soon the grey-haired minstrel  
The royal threshold trod.

“ Now hail ye, noble cavaliers ;  
Now hail ye, ladies bright ;  
Sure heaven’s own host is gathered here  
To daze my aching sight,  
Star thronged on star ! — Close, eye-lids, close,  
Or my hand will lose its power,  
Nor wake those master-strains, that best  
Beseem the festive hour.”

The minstrel’s eyes are closed, and now  
Full tides of music rise ;  
The knights attend with lordly looks,  
The dames with downcast eyes :  
The King, enraptured, gives behest  
To bring a golden chain,  
Meet guerdon or for prince t’ accord,  
Or minstrel to obtain.

“ The golden chain is not for me —  
It best beseems the knight,  
Before whose onset lance and targe  
Are shivered in the fight :  
Or bid approach your chamberlain,  
For he, who stoops to bear  
The courtier’s thralldom, well this weight  
Of honor he may wear !

“ I warble as the little bird,  
That perches on the spray,—  
The song itself is all I ask  
My warbling to repay :  
But, please it you to grant a boon,  
That boon is lightly told—  
A beaker of the goodliest wine  
Foaming in virgin gold.”

The cup was set—the minstrel drank :—  
“ O beverage divine !  
How blest who trivial deem the gift  
Of such a cup of wine !  
Enjoy your bliss, and think of me,  
And thank the powers on high,  
As I now thank the hand, that thus  
Rewards my minstrelsy.”



THE  
SAINT-JOHN'S-WORT.

---

STRICKER.

---

THE young maid stole thro' the cottage door,  
And blushed as she sought the plant of power: —  
“Thou silver glow-worm, lend me thy light,  
I must gather the mystical John's-wort to-night,  
The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide  
If the coming year shall make me a bride!”

And the glow-worm came  
With its silvery flame,  
And sparkled and shone  
Thro' the night of Saint John,  
And soon has the young maid her love-knot tied.

With noiseless tread  
To her chamber she sped,  
Where the spectral moon its white beams shed:—  
“Bloom, bloom in the wall, thou plant of power—  
To deck the young bride in her bridal hour!”  
But it drooped its head—that plant of power—  
And died the mute death of the voiceless flower!  
All withered and wan on the ground it lay,  
More meet for a burial than bridal day!

And, when the year was past away,  
All pale on her bier the young maid lay!  
And the glow-worm came  
With its silvery flame,  
And sparkled and shone  
Thro’ the night of Saint John,  
As they closed the cold grave o’er the maid’s cold clay!

## HANS HEILING'S ROCK.

---

KOERNER.

---

SEE where yon pile of rock is towering high,  
Begirt with crags, as with a panoply  
Of glittering arms—and column-wise are seen  
Cliffs joined to cliffs; where, from the valley green,  
In semblance of a giant, upward shoots  
That mighty mass of stone, which has its roots  
Deep in the hoarse stream's bed. A legend old,  
To village sires by village grandsires told,  
Has reached me;—how, when midnight broods around,  
The dark hill opens from its womb profound,

In silence: such dread tale to me appears  
The voice of spirits, from the depth of years  
Telling of the olden time; and this rude scene  
Conjures up images of what has been.  
Thou, Germany, firm as yon sacred rock,  
Stood'st ringed with heroes:—vainly does the shock  
Of raving winds and foaming stream assail  
Its fissured sides, firm rooted in the vale;  
And, when night darkens all around the hill,  
The light of heaven is on its summit still.

HER DEPARTURE FROM THE  
FOUNTAIN.

---

KOERNER.

---

“ AND so farewell, Nymph of this fount divine!  
Trusting in thee my steps I hither bent:  
Nor vain that trust; refreshed when almost spent,  
With grateful heart I leave thy holy shrine!”  
She spake—the all too lovely maid; and now,  
Light bending o’er the rustic battlement,  
The cup she flung, with frolicksome intent,  
Deep in the silvering waves that foamed below;  
Then joyously she turned her to depart:—  
No more can I adore that eye of light—  
That eye which shed a Spring upon my heart!  
Ah! could I still those happier times renew,  
When every fond idea winged its flight  
Quick as the cup now vanished from my view!

THE  
EVENING LANDSCAPE.

---

MATTHISSON.

---

THE grove is bright  
With golden light;  
And a mystical glow on the ruins is streaming,  
Where yon ivy-crowned towers from the forest are  
gleaming.

Pure and free  
Smiles the sea;  
And homeward, like cygnets a-breasting the tide,  
To yon far distant island the fisher-boats glide.

The shore is bright  
With sands of light;  
And of hue pale or blushing the welkin is seen,  
Reflected to view in the ocean serene.

Rustling faint,  
Gold-besprent,  
A garland of reeds on yon headland is waving,  
Where their soft downy pinions sea-birds are laving.

A picture bland,  
By Nature's hand,  
Glances forth from yon thicket—the garden, and well,  
And the bower of the anchorite's moss-covered cell.

But o'er the tide  
The glow has died;  
And the dim light of evening all palely is beaming  
On the tops of yon towers, from the dark forest gleaming.

The grove is bright  
With full moonlight;  
And the whispering of spirits is heard on the gale,  
That sighs o'er the warrior's tomb in the vale.



THE  
FLOWER OF FLOWERS.

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MATTHISSON.

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---

The flower, the flower, the magic flower,  
That waves on Pindus' brow,  
Is rarely found on Pindus' slope,  
And never found below !



**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**



# ELLEN,

AN IRISH TALE.

---

## Part the First.

---

WHY does the tear in silence flow?

Why fades the rose from Ellen's cheek?

Why heaves that gentle breast of snow,

With grief which sobs, but cannot speak?

For Carril does that tear-drop flow,

Her Carril gone, that rose-bud fled;

Her Carril — wandering child of woe,

To grief alive, to Ellen dead!

See — o'er his harp that cypress wreath  
    Betrays his bosom's dark despair,  
While plaintive notes of sadness breathe,  
    In sorrowing numbers, on the air.

For tidings, fraught with deep dismay,  
    Had reached th' astonished lover's ear,  
And hope's blest beam fled fast away —  
    His Ellen's bridal day was near!

And Dermid was that happier swain,  
    For whom the nuptial wreath she wove;  
Since Dermid's wide and fair domain  
    Had won the fickle Ellen's love.

False maid — ah no! That trickling tear,  
    The rose-bud to her cheek denied,  
Her father's stern rebuke, declare  
    A hapless tho' consenting bride.

Too well that wily father knew  
    To blast her Carril's spotless fame,  
To speak him faithless and untrue,  
    To brand him with a traitor's name.

The well-dissembled tale combined  
With all a father's frown can say —  
To duty, not to fate, resigned,  
Sad Ellen named the bridal day!

---

*Part the Second.*

---

“ Yes — I will seek that hall again,  
Where Ellen once was kind to me,  
And mingle in the bridal train,  
Nor join the bridal revelry :

“ This minstrel garb will well disguise  
The injured Carril's wasted form;  
And this pale cheek, these grief-sunk eyes,  
But ill reveal my bosom's storm !”

So sighed the youth, as on the shore  
His lingering footsteps reckless stray;  
While to the dark wave's sullen roar  
He pours a sad yet soothing lay :



A mingled, melancholy strain,  
 And meet for disappointed love,  
 Joy's wildest transport to restrain,  
 Or wrath disarm, or pity move!

---

Part the Third.

---

Bright are the maids of Erin's isle,  
 No maids e'er bloomed more fair than they;  
 They wore their sweetest, loveliest smile,  
 On hapless Ellen's bridal day.

The marriage-feast was widely spread,  
 The torches lent a dazzling glare,  
 And, deftly as the dance was led,  
 Soft music floated on the air.

The bards raised high the ritual dirge  
 For him, who, battling on the main,  
 Plunged with his foe beneath the surge,  
 And clasped in death the ruffian Dane.

Nor was that faithful bard untold,  
Who sought like him the roaring wave,  
While, grasped within his iron hold,  
False Blanaid's corse the billows lave.

'Twere long to tell of every strain,  
That warmed the heart, or fired the soul,  
From the high Lay of Amadain  
To Fin's famed Hunt of Glanismole.

---

Part the Fourth.

---

But list!—yon stranger minstrel sings  
A varied lay of love and woe,  
And, wildly as he sweeps the strings,  
His sunk eye owns a transient glow.

Of banished lovers Carril sung;  
Of joys—alas! long past away;  
How falsehood, with insidious tongue,  
Bids the young bud of hope decay:

How Erin's sons will faithful prove,  
    Tho' joys, alas! be past away;  
How Erin's bowers are formed for love,  
    And Erin's love will burn for aye.

She hears — she doubts — “Can this be he?”  
    The rising hope is quickly o'er:  
She nearer draws — “Can this be he? —  
    Oh it is he!” — She doubts no more!

For lovers' eyes are quick to ken  
    What lovers' eyes alone may see;  
And such the secret sign, which then  
    Removed the doubt — Can this be he?

---

### Part the Fifth.

---

Why does the tear in silence flow,  
    Tho' blooms the rose on Ellen's cheek?  
O she has fled the hour of woe,  
    And those full eyes her transport speak!

For swift that courser scoured the plain,  
Which bore them thro' the shades of night,  
To peace, and joy, and love again,  
The calm of undisturbed delight.

ODE  
FOR SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

---

Addressed to the Junior Sons of Hibernia, at Demerara, in Guiana, on the  
intended Commemoration of that Festival in 1820.

---

THE breeze is sweet, and sweet the dew  
When it glistens on the hill;  
And sweet the evening sky's deep blue,  
And the murmuring of the rill;  
And the small bird's long and last adieu  
When summer gales are still:  
But sweeter far some lovely land,  
Remembered on a foreign strand,  
Where the things of earth, and sea, and air,  
Have lost the hue they wont to wear,  
And the eye may no more look forth to view  
The scenes it loved when life was new!

And sure 'tis a goodly land to see—

The land that gave us life and light!  
And O! its hills are dear to me,

Its woods, and vallies bright!  
I love the shamrock, sacred flower,  
Which, with a silent voice of power,  
Speaks, as it blooms:—"Behold in me  
The mystic triple unity!"

I love—I love the sounds that roll  
Full on the soul! full on the soul!  
When Erin's harp is ringing high,  
With more than mortal harmony!

No music this for earthly *ears*,—  
It is the *heart* alone that hears—  
The loyal heart of those that know  
The filial throb, the patriot glow,  
Which Erin's true-born sons shall feel,  
Oft as the year's revolving wheel  
Restores that season grave and gay—  
Saint Patrick's honored festal day!

And such are ye, true-hearted few,

Brothers unseen—unknown to me!  
O stern were the waves, and the wild winds blew  
A long farewell, as the winged bark flew  
From the land of your nativity!

The deep Demerary  
Flows sullenly by,  
Thro' wastes wide and dreary,  
Thro' rocks dark and high;  
Where mangroves are flinging  
Broad shades on its tide,  
Where Indians are singing  
Wild lays by its side,  
Where the feather'd Cacique  
Has his hut in the wood,  
Where lurk in the creek  
The young guana brood:

All is changed, all is changed since ye left the green isle,  
Save the heart that can bleed, and the brow that can  
smile,

At the woe or the weal of a brother or friend!  
Farewell then, farewell then, for ever and ever!  
May nor Fortune nor Fate your fond union dissever,  
But peace be among you and love without end!

KOERNER AND HIS SISTER.

---

Written in the Album at Wöbbelin, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

---

“He sang and fell:”—wild branches wave,  
With sullen murmur, o’er his grave!  
Stern be thy grief—let no weak sigh  
Bewail the hero’s destiny:  
But, if soft pity swell the tear,  
O weep for her that slumbers near!

*July 9th, 1820.*



## LOCKSTEDT.

---

LOCKSTEDT! thy linden, oak, and chesnut bowers,  
Stand darkling round, save where the broad bright-moon,  
Piercing the twilight, rests upon the leaves;  
And all is hushed, save yonder monitor,  
Whose ceaseless ticks appear the measured steps  
Of Death advancing. Lockstedt! I have spent  
Bright hours within thee, when—a joyous group—  
We sat beneath the lindens, and inhaled  
The angel breath of even, and enjoyed  
The sweets of social converse, unrestrained

By cold Formality's torpedo hand.  
Lockstedt, I fly thee! Distant is my home—  
An island far within the western wave:  
A few short hours—and Germany, and friends,  
Fade from my eyes to dwell within my heart!  
And chiefly thou, sweet solitary spot.  
Lockstedt—Farewell! farewell!

*Lockstedt, in Holstein; July 27th, 1820.*

## A GRAVE IN OTTENSEN.

---

I stood upon a grave, and felt that there  
Words had no potency; thoughts, thoughts intense  
Beyond the reach of utterance, engrossed  
The universal soul. I turned away,  
And passed with noiseless tread across the grave,  
As fearing to disturb the holy sleep  
Of those that rested there. A stately tree  
(Which, in th' autumnal twilight of the year,  
Its withered foliage annually sheds  
Upon the small sepulchral space below,

A duteous offering!) was waving high,  
In the strength of summer beauty. On the stone  
Two sheaves were carved; and Faith, with upward eye,  
Clasping the cross; and words of this intent—  
“Lo! here, beside his Meta and his child,  
“Rests FREDERICK GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.”

*Blankanese, on the Elbe; July 29th, 1820.*

## SONNET.

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LET him not say — “ I love my country ” — he  
Who ne’er has left it: but, what time one hears  
The yell of waters ringing in his ears,  
And views around him nought but sky and sea,  
And sea and sky interminable — then —  
Then comes the longing for soft hills, and dales,  
And trees, and rivulets, and bloomy vales,  
And the green twilight of the shady glen,  
And sweet birds welcoming the summer! Now  
Swells the full feeling in my heart, while slow  
I sail upon the ocean’s shudd’ring breast:  
O Erin, O my country! let me see  
But once, once more, thy cherished scenery,  
Then let me lowly in thy bosom rest!

*Off the Dutch Coast; Aug. 1st, 1820.*

## NOTES.



## NOTES.

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Note 1, page 4, line 4.

*New hearts to treasure it.*

*"El coraçon hecho a sufrir desventuras, que si la fortuna le quisiera dar algun contento, fuera menester buscar otro coraçon nuevo para recibirle."* — GEORGE of MONTEMAYOR.

Note 2, page 4, line 5.

*The cry of blood from Flanders, woke one throb  
Within the breast of Carlos.*

*" ——— when oft with swelling tears,  
Flash'd through by indignation, he bewail'd  
The wrongs of Belgium's martyr'd patriots,  
Oh, what a Grief was there — for Joy to envy  
Or gaze upon enamour'd!"* — COLERIDGE.

Note 3, page 5, line 16.

*How variously he sought*

*To end his life and sorrow.*

The various and novel modes of suicide, fruitlessly attempted by Carlos, are detailed in the following passage: —

*"Ille, omni ope destitutus, ex desperatione in furorem vertitur:  
et, cum a paucis custodiretur, accenso tunc luculento igne ob*



*asperam hyemem, in prunas se cernuus misit; unde vix, ambusta veste et tunica interiore, nec illæso omnino corpore, a custodibus retrahi potuit. Cum hæc non successisset, alia sibi mortem via consciscere aggreditur. Biduo sine potu exacto, tertio die tanta se frigida ingurgitavit, ut parum absuit, quin medius rumperetur. Rursus, fame per aliquot dierum inediam collecta, pastillis carne coctu difficili fartis tam copiose ventrem saburravit, ut pæne sit suffocatus.” — THUANUS.*

Note 4, page 5, line 19.

*How pious hands were found, to mix a draught  
That ended life and sorrow.*

“ ——— to be endeared to a king,  
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.”

SHAKESPEARE.

Note 5, page 8, line 13.

*The Jotuns.*

“ The situation of Jotunheim is supposed to have been north east of the Baltic..... When Odin invaded the same regions..... he resolved to exterminate those, whom he could not subdue, or win over to his party; and he therefore represented them to his followers as miscreated monsters and sorcerers; and all the accounts of their enormous stature, which probably had some foundation, were naturally exaggerated by their opponents.” — HON. W. HERBERT.

Note 6, page 8, line 15.

*Driven from their homes, fled northward towards the sea.*

“ ——— Asianen

*In Götterglanz und Macht gen Norden ziehn.”*

CEHLENSCHLAEGER.

Note 7, page 8, line 25.

*The whiten'd bones,  
By seamen found upon the charnel shore.*

The bones of a large party of Russian hunters, who had perished, were not many years since found on the coast of Spitzbergen.

Note 8, page 14, line 13.

*The lance reverted trailing in the dust.*

“——— *versa pulvis inscribitur hasta.*” —VIRGIL.

“His trailing spear transversely hung.”

MELOBINO, translated by LAWSON.

Note 9, page 15, line 19.

*That throne, which hospitality had won  
And valour forfeited.*

For this, and other historical allusions, see Herodotus and Plutarch.

Note 10, page 17, line 10.

*Counselled to leave that proud, inhuman foe.*

The act here adverted to (which was at the best of but doubtful morality,) has been lauded by one *historian*, and may therefore be considered fully entitled to *poetic* sanction. — See Gillies' History of Greece.

Note 11, page 19, line 1.

*It was the feast of Hegira.*

As the bombardment of Algiers actually commenced at the hour of prayer, it will not be deemed an excess of poetic licence to suppose its occurrence at the feast of the Hegira. The penult syllable of the word “Hegira” is properly short. — See Rees' Cyclopædia.”

Note 12, page 19, line 7.

*Th' insensate orison, that blends  
The creature's with the great Creator's name.*

“ ——— at the hour  
Assign'd fall prostrate, and unite the names  
Of God and the Blasphemer.”

SOUTHEY.

Note 13, page 19, line 14.

*The transmigrating sovereign of Thibet.*

See the oriental tale of Tarempou and Serinda.

Note 14, page 19, line 16.

*Silence! silence! silence!*

The most perfect picture of silence perhaps ever drawn, occurring in the Book of Job, iv. 14, has been in our translation weakened by the unnecessary supplying of an ellipse. In the Hebrew, the idea of un-interrupted stillness is admirably conveyed by one word:—

“דממה וקול אשמע:”

“Silence—and I heard a voice!” The interpolation of the words “*there was*” before “silence” evidently breaks the totality of effect.

Note 15, page 20, line 17.

*Minorca's fields,  
Where flourish still the pastoral usages  
Of early Greece.*

Recent travellers have represented the pastoral fictions of ancient Greece as realized in modern Minorca.

Note 16, page 20, line 25.

*Dark Barbary! Thou, chiefly thou, Algiers! -*  
*"——— Bugia, e Algeri, infami nidi*  
*Di corsari." — TASSO.*

Note 17, page 22, line 9.

*Th' avenger Azrael.*  
*"——— Azrael, the Angel of Death." — SOUTHEY.*

Note 18, page 22, line 10.

*The island-town.*  
*Algiers, or Al-Jezeire, "the island." — See Rees' Cyclopædia.*

Note 19, page 22, line 26.

*Shivered the gallies of thy votaries.*  
*"Der Blitz des Christen frass dein Boot*  
*Du wüthiger Korsar." — HOELTY.*

Note 20, page 28, line 5.

*And yet your rifted walls betray*  
*Time's discipline.*

An uncompromising pun has here obliged me to deviate from the sense of the original.

Note 21, page 31, line 21.

*'Till Undeception come with years.*

I have here hazarded an unusual word to express the Spanish "*desengaño*," which implies disenthralment from some agreeable delusion. It is, I believe, of Smollett's coinage (occurring in the plural number in his *Don Quixote*), and has been also adopted in Lawson's *Melodino*.

Note 22, page 33, line 3.

*A-telling of her bitter woes*

*The bitter history.*

The following is translated from Depping: — "In the history of the imprisonment and assassination of the young and innocent Queen Blanche, a French princess, how affecting are the complaints she utters against her cruel spouse Peter, King of Castile, and his proud mistress Maria de Padilla! among others, that beautiful and natural exclamation: —

*¡O Francia, dulce patria!  
porque no me tuviste  
quando salirme viste  
à padecer à España?"*

Many ballads have been written on this subject: I have, in common with other translators, to lament that they are unaccompanied by historical annotation, and therefore (as in the present instance,) occasionally obscure.

Note 23, page 38, line 5.

*The love of a maid.*

The amours of Roderick with Caba, Cava, or Florinda, have been celebrated by poets of various countries. The present ballad might have suggested the celebrated one of De Leon, imitated by Southey, Herbert, Russel, and others.

Note 24, page 39, line 3.

*And the hostile blood of brotherhood*

*Runs mingling on the plain.*

*πίπανται δ' ἔχθος ἐν δὲ γαίᾳ  
ζῶα φονεύτῳ  
νύμικται κάρτα δ' εἶς' ὁμαίμοι. — ÆSCHYLUS.*

Note 25, page 39, line 5.

*The land of the vine, and the land of song.*

“——— *Spanien.....*”

*Dem schönen Land des Weins und der Gesänge.*

GOETHE.

Note 26, page 41, line 21.

*But death, redressing death, will give*

*The vanquished — victory !*

This sentiment is well expressed by an early French dramatist : —

“ *Ha mort, o douce mort, mort seule guarison  
Des esprits oppressez d’une estrange prison,  
Pourquoi souffres tu tant à tes droits faire tort ?  
T’avons nous fait offense, o douce et douce mort !  
Pourquoy n’approches tu, o Parque trop tardive ?  
Pourquoy veux tu souffrir ceste bande captive,  
Qui n’aura pas plustost le don de liberté,  
Que cet esprit ne soit par ton dard ecarté ?  
Haste doncq haste toy, vanter tu de pourras  
Que mesme sus Cesar une despouille auras.*”

JODELLE.

Note 27, page 43, line 7.

*Ask her if, in her frolic glee,*

*That laughing maid remembers me !*

“ *E tu, chi sa se mai*

*Ti sovverrai di me !*” — METASTASIO.

Note 28, page 52, line 2.

*The plant of power.*

In Lower Saxony every peasant-girl plucks a sprig of the Saint-John’s-wort on Midsummer night, and sticks it into the wall of her chamber. Should it, owing to the damp of the wall, retain its fresh-

ness, she may expect a suitor before the end of the year. Its drooping, on the other hand, announces decay and early death. I picked up the original of this little ballad one evening of July 1820, in the beautiful village of Blankanese, on the Elbe, where the ungenial zephyrs kept me for a day or two closely pent up in a land I loved much, but yearning to return to one I loved more. The influence of the Baptist extends to all points of the compass. Fires are duly lighted after sun-set upon the "Eve of Saint John" on Howth and the Dublin Mountains, and contributions exacted from passengers, for the furtherance of the evening festivities. I remember to have been once stopped, while on my return from the County of Wicklow, by a line of cars drawn across the road, the owners of which had adopted this mode of extorting "something towards the bonfire." In Spain too, and Italy, "the day of good Saint John" is ushered in by a variety of rural ceremonies.

Note 29, page 54, line 7.

*A legend old.*

In addition to the original of the present poem, there occurs in a posthumous volume of Koerner's works a prose tale intituled "Hans Heiling's Rock, a Bohemian Legend."

Note 30, page 59, line 1.

*The flower, the flower, the magic flower.*

I have thus endeavored to paraphrase the untranslatable title occurring in Matthisson, the most graceful and elegant of the German poets, with whom the "*Blümchen Wunderhold*" is a favorite subject.

Note 31, page 65, line 16.

*A sad, yet soothing lay.*

The popular air of Ellen-a-Roon, whose story (copied with some slight variations from the Appendix to Walker's Irish Bards,) forms the subject of the present poem.



Note 32, page 66, line 14.

*Him, who, batt'ling on the main.*

Fingall, an Irish chieftain, the second in command at the celebrated naval engagement with the Danes, off Dundalk. — See Warner's History of Ireland.

Note 33, page 67, line 4.

*False Blanaid's corse.*

See Notes to O'Flanagan's translation of "Advice to a Prince," in the Transactions of the Gaelic Society, Vol. 1. See also Keating's History of Ireland.

Note 34, page 67, line 7.

*The high Lay of Amadain.*

The estimation wherein this poem was held by our ancestors appears from the following Erse distich, occurring in a note to Smith's Gaelic Poems:—

"*Gach dan gu dan an Deirg*  
*'S gach laoidh gu laoidh 'n Amadain mhoir.*"

Note 35, page 67, line 8.

*Fin's famed Hunt of Glanismole.*

Glanismole is a beautiful vale of considerable extent, winding among the mountains which lie to the south of Dublin, and embellish the vicinity of that city with a variety of romantic scenery, rarely to be met within five miles of a metropolis. The poem mentioned in the text, which is still extant in the Irish language, records an adventure of Fin Mac Cual, the Fingal of Macpherson's Ossian, and contains much poetical beauty; but has in the process of oral transmission undergone strange interpolations: for example, the close of the passage

"*Folt orbhéide lé a3 fár*  
*3a3 mrcéa1n a rala, rjor 3o dhúcb.*"



—“ Her golden hair flowing to the bottom of her heel, down to the dew”— appears in many modern copies, by an unhappy *various reading*, equivalent to “down to the very *brogue*.”

Note 36, page 70, line 9.

*Where the things of earth, and sea, and air,  
Have lost the hue they wont to wear.*

See the beautiful Scottish song, beginning:—

“ The sun rises bright in France,  
And fair sets he ;  
But he has tint the blink he had  
In my ain countrie.”

Note 37, page 71, line 8.

*The mystic triple unity.*

“ A triple grass  
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,  
As softly green  
As emeralds, seen  
Through purest chrystal gleaming.

“ Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of trefoil to which in Ireland we give the name of shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish.” — T. MOORE,

Note 38, page 72, line 12.

*The young guana brood.*

“ Here is an animal of the lizard kind, called guana. . . . . These guanas are generally found among fruit trees, where the natives shoot them with arrows, and esteem their flesh a great delicacy, which is much like that of a chicken; the eggs are very fine.” — See Bolingbroke's Voyage of Discovery to the Demerary.

Note 39, page 73, line 1.

*"He sang and fell."*

A translation of "*Er sang und starb*," the opening words of a stanza by Schall, appended to a song of Koerner's, which seemed prophetic of his fate. This young poet and patriot (whose works are too little known in this country,) was killed in battle between Gadebusch and Schwerin, and interred beneath his favourite oak at Wöbbelin, in a cavity of which he used to deposit the poems he composed while on service in this part of the country.

Note 40, page 76, line 1.

*I stood upon a grave.*

The remains of the justly revered Klopstock (injudiciously styled the "Milton of Germany,") are deposited in the village of Ottensen, which joins the Palmaille of Altona (one of the most beautiful streets in Europe), and appears from its proximity to be a suburb of that town.

THE END.







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